

THE CORADDI

Woman's College of The University
of North Carolina

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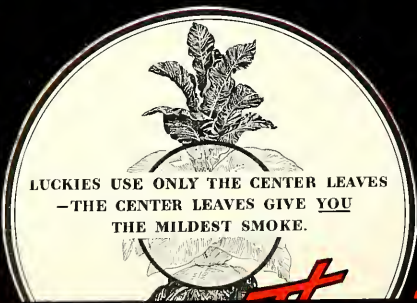
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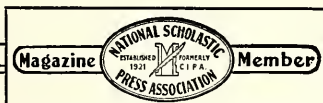
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Hymn to Woman

By EDYTHE LATHAM

You are a woman.

You are the fertile field which ripens with young grain in the spring.

In your body, you bear life.

You alone may bring to God your children;

Therefore have you hands that are kind;

Therefore have you a voice that is tender;

Therefore is your body grace and strength and love incarnate.

Thus is your soul unselfish;

That you may take without fear the hand of Death

And out of pain give Life!

Twentieth Spring

By ADELAIDE PORTER

ANNE picked at the bark of the big tree. The grass under her feet was soft and lush. Every day it was getting greener; and on the branches of the tree tiny protruding green bulbs could be seen. Beyond the tree the grass sloped down to the knoll of the Low Hill. She could see on this knoll a beautiful little white house, with a garden, and a hedge, and two deck chairs on the grass—striped in red and green.

Anne started. Footsteps? She could just hear a slight slush—slush. She turned her back to the tree and stood quietly there, gazing through the trees and the grass toward the gray walls of the Convent of Saint Genevieve's.

There was someone, somewhere near. Then she could see a black skirt swishing across the grass. She could see more and more of the figure. Finally the stiff white bib of Mother Superior came into view. She shrank against the tree. But Mother had seen her.

"Anne——"

"Yes, Mere Andree."

"It is the third time I have found you here. May I know the reason?"

"Nothing, Mere."

"And Anne——"

"Yes, Mere."

"Were you at early prayers this morning?"

"No, Mere."

"My dear, I will pray with you tonight."

"Yes, Mere. Thank you."

"I must go." She half turned. "Anne, how old are you?"

"Twenty-nine, Mere."

"Hmm. Anne, your eyes are too gray. Your hair is too curly." Anne looked at her in astonishment. "And your lashes curl."

"But, Mere——"

"And often I see you looking out toward Low Hill——" Mere Andree made a swift turn on her heel and left the girl there. Anne stood rigid until the older woman was out of sight, and then her figure slumped. O God, how tired she was of all this! It had been going on since she was nine years old—this life of nuns—prayers, narrow beds, French (she could even think in French), frugal meals. She could barely remember the day she arrived. Before that day she could see mistily, as she thought about a richly decorated playroom; a big ballroom filled with beautiful men and women; a beautiful, laughing mother, and a gay young "Dad." Then one night they did not come home. Some strange people had taken her to a hospital where Dad was lying still and white on a stiff, white bed. "Honey," he had said, "Mumsie's gone, and I——. There's just one thing—don't ever lose Life—don't ever throw away Love—and don't ever let—anyone knock—the spirit out of—you——." They had rushed her out of the room, then.

During the days following she vaguely remembered hearing talk of "no relatives—what *will* we do? A convent—oh, she's too young. Well, we *could*, for—say—ten years. She'll be old enough then to know what she wants to do." So the next day Anne had been taken to Saint Genevieve's, far up in the mountains, on the highest of a hunched-together group of hills.

For ten years nothing had happened. She took vows for five more years. Still nothing happened. Yet she hated to leave the shelter of the gray walls which had somehow become a living thing inside her. But she rebelled against it all. Each time she had considered taking life vows, there had come before her the eyes of her father. They had been beautiful, laughing gray eyes, and when she thought of them she felt that she could not take the vows; something in her hated all this, despised it.

Not until last year had anything come to upset the peaceful existence of the nuns of St. Genevieve's. Someone had quite suddenly started building a house on Low Hill—a little white cottage. The older nuns were determinedly not interested; the younger ones whispered, "A—man! No—not exactly handsome, but——" She could still hear their hushed voices.

The sun had come out and made the cottage a veritable reflector

of its shafts of brilliance. Anne leaned more heavily against the tree, watching the unmoving scene below her through half-closed lids, lost in her thoughts.

She had not seen the man closely until one day, when she was walking in the forest, a little wire-haired terrier had run across her path, almost upsetting her. She was rather startled, and even more so when a moment later a man did the same thing, shouting, "Bugby! Where in the devil are you going?" He had stopped short when he saw her. "Oh, excuse me. I didn't see you. Do you belong at the convent?"

"Yes. I'm Anne Terrell. And you?"

"Robert—oh—just Robert."

Thus a friendship had begun. There had been other meetings, accidental ones. Then they began to know when and where to expect each other. They both knew that the friendship might become something deeper, but neither would break it off.

The door of the cottage opened. Anne's body grew stark. Her eyes widened, and she leaned more stiffly against the tree. She must go, she thought, she *must*. But the pine needles under her feet seemed to glue her to the ground.

She saw him step from the sill on to the grass. Her fingers hurt with the impress of the bark. She followed his every movement. She could see his tall straight body, and his hair, so gold that it almost reincarnated the sun. She could remember his blue, *blue* eyes, and his crooked white teeth.

He stretched himself into one of the deck chairs, and, with one hand on the dog, examined the white-flecked sky. His gaze returned to earth by way of High Hill, and saw at once Anne's white cloak. He leaped up.

Anne shrank back. He was waving to her. She raised her arm in admonition, but he was already speaking.

"Can I come up?"

She shook her head.

"All right. You come down." Her head shook again, imperatively.

He whistled to the dog. In a moment they were lost in the underbrush of High Hill. Five minutes later they appeared, panting and hot.

"I still think you could have come down easier."

"Robert——"

"Oh, I know they'd denounce you. Then we could——"

"No, Robert. Don't——"

"Well, people do, you know—at least most of them do." She laughed with him. "I love to shock you, *ma petite*. You've been here so long."

"Twenty years."

"Yes. But at that, you're not like the others."

"Thank you."

"I wonder why?"

"I said I wouldn't be. But——"

"Yes?"

"Robert, I'm afraid that, after all, I'm getting like them. I'm afraid I am—and I'm afraid—not—to—" She shuddered, and clutched the gold crucifix around her neck.

The gayety had gone from his face, and instead there was a look of indefinable understanding. He knew people, this man. He had learned about them from life. His eyes had been hurt by them, but he still believed.

Anne had been watching him. "Robert, do you think—do you think the convent has made me—like——"

"I don't know."

"But you are afraid it has. Is that it?"

With an almost visible effort he brushed the seriousness from his eyes. "Let's not talk about it. Some day, perhaps——"

"Yes. Someday. What do you do with yourself all day?"

"Oh, write."

"What?"

"Books—about people."

"Nice people?"

"Well, interesting anyway. At least to me."

"To anyone else?"

"Maybe to my public, if there is one. I haven't been for my mail in so long."

"Do you make much money?"

"Enough. Grandfather did better."

"Did he write, too?"

"No, he speculated."

"Do you spend his money?"

"Not yet. But it's there. Anne, I'm going to put you in a book. You're naive."

"I'm not. I'm twenty-nine. No one is ever naive at twenty-nine."

"You are. I'll have you in a convent setting."

"Yes, I suppose that's where I belong."

"I didn't say that."

"You didn't need to. Oh, Bobby, I wish I'd left long ago. I've been here so long I'm afraid of everything, I'm even afraid of God."

"Yes, I know."

"I——"

"Anne!"

They wheeled around. It was Mere Andree. Anne turned white. Robert stiffened.

"Anne, you have sinned before God."

"Mere!"

"Your vows are up tomorrow. You may begin to pack your things at once."

"Mere, don't! Let me atone for my wickedness!"

"Atone?"

"Anything."

"There is only one way—confession and life renewal."

"Anything," dully.

"Come, then."

Anne stepped away from Robert toward Mother Superior. The older woman half turned, then hesitated.

"Anne."

"Yes, Mere."

"You have sinned, but I'm going to allow you to sin once more, even though in doing so I will be sinning myself. You may follow me in five minutes." The woman's face had softened, and her eyes had seemed almost pained. She walked slowly across the grass.

Anne looked up at Robert. "I did it, Bobby, because I love you more than I love God, and it will take my whole life to atone for that sin."

She gazed long into his eyes, indigo now, as if to keep them forever in her memory. Then she turned and ran across the soft green grass, and caught up with Mere Andree.

Lest I Go

By FRANCES CREAN

Here alone upon the dark, moist earth,
Where sounds about me stir my soul
And make me want, like them, to cry
Out to the wind that rushes by,
Hush! What was that that made me rise
And lift my face up to the skies?
That made me startle at its sound,
That made me want to leave this ground
Where earth is hard, and cold, and dead;
Where grass once green is brown instead?
The sun once felt I only see,
Although it seems to cover me,
But I, afraid, must turn my face
Lest I shall up and leave this place.

The Prodigy

By MARY WOODWARD

FROM my birth my family was sure that I was destined to amount to something in this world. I was a most unusual child, entirely different from my twelve brothers and sisters who made up our little family circle there in West Minnehonkus, Minnesota.

When I was ten days old, I amused myself by humming aloud little snatches of Beethoven and Bach. I was stirred by the majestic, sonorous fugues of Bach. (Of course, I couldn't pronounce "fugue;" but I said "fudge," and my family thought my childish attempts at pronunciation very cunning.) My mother, who is a musician of quite some talent, often being called upon to sing "Tannhauser" at the local firemen's convention, was delighted that I should care for the classical rather than for jazz, and she encouraged me all she could.

Soon, however, I grew tired of music, and at the age of six months I turned to poetry. Poetry seemed to my childish mind to be the embodiment of all the nobler sentiments of life. My earliest poem was a little thing of two lines:

*Abba dabba dabba doo;
Dabba abba wabba woo.*

You cannot fail to notice that even at that early age I had perfect rhyme and rhythm. The alliteration, too, is considered exceptionally good. As far as I know, the only poem which rivals this quality is Poe's "The Bells." Mr. Poe did a very good piece of work, even though he was handicapped by the choice of a rather trite subject.

From that time I wrote continuously. I used to spend ten hours a day at my desk writing or revising manuscripts. By this time I was writing more mature poetry and a few formal essays. One little poem which my mother especially liked was one that I wrote one day while she and I were out in the garden tripping around through the egg-plants and cabbages, spraying the bugs with paris green. The poem always reminds me of her:

*"Yesterday I was a worm
Crawling wormlike through the ground,
Today I am no more.
A bird ate me."*

I am now four years old. I am still writing poetry, but I spend most of my time reading Plato and Aristotle. I have a feeling that life is very futile. I am thinking of becoming a socialist. Perhaps that would prove diverting.

• • •

"The Disease Not Even God Can Heal"

By EDYTHE LATHAM

White is your face
Like an almond newly taken from the pulp;
Bitter are the drops lying brown
In the corners of your mouth.
You are so still—
A leaf awaiting the next wind.
But they say you can live.
And I who love you do not believe them—
I who need you beside me
Walking over red clay hills,
Leveling each rise in the rutted road,
Know that behind your eyes lies a still plain
Where your will is running to the edge
And can not hear my call!
How can there be life?

A Heart and a Cabbage

By MARY ELIZABETH BITTING

BETSY was in a hurry. She jabbed at her grapefruit furiously, swallowed her egg and half a glass of milk simultaneously, and darted out the door with a small corner of toast in her hand. The rest of it was somewhere between her mouth and her stomach. It was bunched uncomfortably tight just where her neck joined her shoulders. She burst out into the February sunshine. A thin film of ice glittered on the front steps. It was hard, very hard, Betsy decided as she gathered her bruises together and reached into the gutter for her spelling book.

"My, but you are in a big hurry!" Betsy stared up at Mr. Ned. Mr. Ned was pink and puffy, and looked as though he would pop if anyone stuck a pin in him.

"Yes, sir," Betsy faltered. Now she would have to walk along with that old slow-poke. When Mr. Ned hurried at all, he wheezed and whistled like a steam engine.

"How many valentines are you expecting today?" Mr. Ned pulled at a big red heart peeping from her reader. A hot flood surged over Betsy's face and crept down her neck. She jerked the heart from Mr. Ned's hand, crammed it into her coat pocket, and sped up the street. The bulldog who belonged to the big boy on the corner barked himself out into the yard as she ran by. She wasn't even afraid this morning. She didn't have time. She would be late, and they would have already opened the box when she got there. The school bell rang out from the red brick building a block ahead. She was already late!

Bump, bump, went Betsy's book against her chin as she hugged herself tighter and ran faster. She entered the class-room breathlessly and walked close by the ruffly red box with its army of cupids and battlefield of bleeding hearts. "To J. M. from Guess Who" slipped in unseen. She heard it fall with a soft swish on the pile

inside. She took her seat quietly. Miss Williams hadn't quite finished calling the roll.

They were giving out the valentines now. Betsy leaned back in her seat. Her heart was bumping against her ribs. A boy was coming down the aisle. He was the postman. An envelope lay on her desk. It was the handwriting! The purple ink and the curly tails on the letters! Betsy's fingers were numb. Finally the flap came loose. She turned it over in her hands. An immense cabbage head exclaimed in big black letters, "You Big Cabbage Head!"

Betsy clutched again at Miss Williams' sleeve. The teacher put her ruler down on the chalk tray and stared at Betsy.

"What's the matter, Betsy? Are you sick?"

"I want to go home."

It was colder outside. The wind stung her legs. There wasn't any sun. Betsy walked along slowly. Her throat hurt and a big tear rolled down her cheek. Wouldn't the big piece of toast ever go down?

Lady Into Seal

(With all due apologies to David Garnett)

By BETTY WINSPEAR

MRS. HERBERT TRAYNOR had turned into a seal, under Mr. Traynor's very eyes, and Mr. Traynor could not figure it out. In Mrs. Traynor's family history there had been no record of any of her forebears' turning into seals; but the lady herself, who was Cecelia Cuthbert before her marriage, was known to have appeared in vaudeville as a member of a girls' orchestra, on the same program with a company of trained seals. Her given name, Cecelia, and the surname of the man she married, together with her past association, was the only possible influence Herbert could think of that might account for her amazing metamorphosis.

Herbert Traynor was a successful canned goods salesman. He had met Miss Cuthbert at a party in New York one winter, and had carried her back with him to Skaneateles as his bride. Together they had built and furnished a cozy little home on the shore of Skaneateles Lake, and it was to this little home that Herbert had fled when the tragedy occurred.

Business had taken Herbert to Buffalo one day, and he had carried his young bride with him. Together they saw all the customary sights, and, as the grand finale, decided to visit the zoo. As Herbert looked back upon that fateful day, he remembered that his wife had been in the highest spirits, and had seemed lovelier to him than ever before, even lovelier than when he had seen her on the stage the night she played the trombone solo. It was autumn, and the brisk, chilly wind had made her draw her warm fur coat up around her face. (Ironically enough, the coat was fashioned of soft brown Alaskan seal.) They visited the bear cages and the elephant house, and walked arm-in-arm past the long rows of cages which contained every rare species of bird. Cecelia was rapt in her admiration for the dazzling feathered creatures. Finally they came to the monkey house, which was also the winter quarters of the seal. They entered, and watched

the antics of the monkeys with great interest. Then they moved on to the pool in which the seal swam around and around aimlessly, and then boosted himself out on to the edge. Suddenly Herbert turned to his wife.

Where his wife had been the moment before was a small seal, of a warm, rich brown!

The little seal looked up at him; and he recognized the eyes of his wife. He was panic stricken. It was his wife, all right, and Herbert's first impulse was to get as far away as possible; but he realized in time that he must master his first impulse and, somehow or other, get Cecelia home. He gathered her up into his arms and placed her inside his overcoat, proceeding cautiously toward the nearest door. He knew all too well that if a keeper were to see him leaving the zoo with a seal under his coat, he should most certainly be arrested.

But luck was with him, and he reached his car without being apprehended. He drove rapidly downtown with his wife on the seat beside him. When he reached the hotel, he threw a robe around her, admonishing her to be quiet until he returned. Not wishing to take any chances, he rolled up the windows and locked the door of the big sedan. Once in the hotel he hurriedly settled his account and got his own and his wife's belongings from their room.

Herbert Traynor never drove so fast as he drove that day. Cecelia huddled close to him, conveying, although she was unable to express it in words, her love and trust for her husband. By nightfall they had reached their home; and Herbert carried his wife inside and up to their room, where he laid her tenderly on the bed. Suddenly the idea occurred to him that she was naked. He ransacked her closet and at length found a lacy bed-jacket, which he put on her, although he had a good bit of trouble getting her flippers into the sleeves.

This accomplished, Mr. Traynor sat down to ponder over the situation. What could he tell Mrs. Bird, the housekeeper? What would he tell the people of the town? True, he was not very friendly with them, for his business kept him on the road pretty much of the time; but they would undoubtedly miss his attractive young wife, and would ask embarrassing questions. He glanced in the direction of the bed, where Cecelia sat regarding him with her sad, limpid eyes. He had let Mrs. Bird go to her sister's while he and Cecelia went to Buffalo; so they were safe for the night, at least.

Suddenly Herbert remembered that they had not dined. He went down to the kitchen and prepared a platter of scrambled eggs and bacon, one of his wife's favorite dishes. When everything was ready, he went upstairs again, and carried Cecelia down to the dining-room. He placed her on her usual chair and sat down at the other end of the table. He could not bear to watch her eat, so he kept his eyes on his plate. When he had finished his eggs, he looked up. Cecelia was sitting there, her food untouched, gazing hungrily at the goldfish swimming around in the aquarium near the window. Herbert realized then that he would have to call the fish market in the morning.

The idea of his wife dragging herself around on the floor was distasteful to him; so he carried her into the living-room and placed her on the davenport. He turned on the radio, and his wife seemed highly pleased at the sound of the dance music which issued forth. She clapped her flippers and wiggled her shoulders in time with the rhythm. Herbert found it hard to retain his composure; so he fortified himself with several stiff gin-rickeys.

At ten o'clock he carried Cecelia upstairs and again deposited her on the bed. He went into the bathroom and drew a tub for himself. Suddenly he heard a plop, as his wife slid down off the bed and followed him into the bathroom. She looked longingly in the direction of the tub. Herbert saw what she wanted, so he removed the bed-jacket and lifted her into the water. She seemed to enjoy it so much that he let her play there by herself for some time before he took her out and dried her, and placed her in bed.

Cecelia seemed to rest well that night, but Herbert's sleep was disturbed by wild dreams. He dreamed that Cecelia fell into the company of a bull seal and became the mother of five squirming seal pups. He dreamed that she escaped from his loving care and was picked up by an itinerant seal trainer, who used her in his vaudeville act. In his dream he walked into a theatre one night and saw his wife on the stage, balancing a great purple ball on her nose. Suddenly Herbert sat up straight in bed, for the purple ball seemed to be spinning on *his* nose. Then he saw that he was alone in bed. Cecelia was gone. He looked around the room. He was not in Skaneateles at all, but in a hotel in New York—in the McAlpin, he guessed. He leaned out of bed and pressed the buzzer. An ice-bag was what he needed. These conventions sure get a fellow down.



-take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder

-take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better



These Botanists

By KATHERINE CAUSEY

BOTANISTS are queer creatures. I could never quite understand them, nor could I tell what bug had bitten them; but I knew for a certainty that they were unlike other people.

Don't tell me that you haven't seen them, these plant hunters. At the first hint of spring they begin to chase over fields and meadows stalking the first bluet. By the middle of February they have found thirty kinds of flowers in blossom, when the rest of us have done well to see five. They rise with the first cheep of the sparrows on Sunday morning; and, dressed in faded knickers and torn shirts (only the amateurs wear decent clothes) and armed with trowel and vasculum, they slink to the country. Just at the hour when the city is rustling its best silk on the way to church, they emerge ignominiously from the thicket, trying to pick off the beggar-lice with one hand, and holding in the other a bunch of hepaticas or spleenwort or some rare, strange plant to show to the botany teacher.

But the queerest of the queer are the orchid lovers! They roam the swampy places, slushing through the mud, oblivious to mosquitoes and snakes, getting scratched by brambles, treading on forbidden ground, all for the possible thrill of unearthing a swamp orchid. They look for spiranthes in every pasture and search whole patches of woods in the hope of finding putty-root.

When perchance an orchid-hunter does stumble upon a rare find, then, dear people, stay out of his way; I once had an encounter with one. He had called and asked my sister to go with him to get something for my sick aunt—I didn't know what. I was with my sister; so I went along. The Botanist was quite disturbed by my appearance, and, in great agitation demanded, "Do you swear you won't tell?" Of course, I solemnly swore; but I really didn't see anything to be told.

Soon we were bumping over a rugged wagon trail miles from town. Again and again the Botanist impressed upon us the need of secrecy.

I was all excited. Here was adventure. Surely we must be going after some whiskey, home brew, or what will you have. I knew that Aunt Jane had been taking strengthened eggnoggs, but I didn't know it had come to this. At a place where the road dwindled to nothingness and the woods were dark and thick, we stopped. The Botanist fumbled out and started off into the forest, past a poor dead doggie, down among huge oaks. When he stopped, I followed his pointing finger and saw—nothing but a clump of yellow moccasins.

"Rare species," he confided in an excited voice. But somehow, I felt cheated, and more than a little disgusted.

I held botanists in profound contempt then; but now I despair of my own sanity. I must admit that I, too, have set ferns and hepatica in the park; I, too, have carried plants to the "teacher" for identification. And only last Sunday I tramped for several miles through mud and water, wading through sand and bramble thickets—all for the sake of finding two wild gingers in blossom, a hazel bush pollen, and a strange kind of mushroom. And now, how strange it seems to admit it—I, too, must be queer!

WHAT WE THINK

SLOGANS

WHEN we observe how the great swings of manufactured sentiment have influenced our national structure, both physically and politically, we may well wonder whether all the elaborate machinery of education has given us real intelligence or merely knowledge. "A sympathetic press and a good slogan are all that is needed to make presidents out of nincompoops," said an experienced political manipulator. Greeley's "Go west, young man," populated an empire. An euphonic but inadvertent phrase in a political speech, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," wrecked the presidential ambitions of a statesman. We cheered men on to destruction "to make the world safe for democracy." In our high schools and colleges, students listen *ad nauseum* to dissertations on the necessity of making vast appropriations for the "education of our youth" because they are the "saviors of the nation." Zealots among students and faculty declare with heated enthusiasm that some dark consequence will surely befall our failure to embrace this or that new "ism." And it always revolves neatly about some slick slogan.

Are we "saviors of the nation" to accept all this "food for thought" like trained seals grabbing at fish thrown as a reward for tricks well done? Are we expected to follow blindly in whatever direction the current slogan slants? Will we not have missed the real objectives of education if in our campus years we do not acquire the intelligence to think for ourselves; to seek the motives that lie behind these noble-sounding slogans; to have the courage to expose them?

It may be "good to the last drop;" but we want to know what is wrong with that last drop. Slogans are made for the mob.

From a Sketch Book

By SUSANNE KETCHUM

DON and Norman were sitting on the floor of the ball room. No one came near the ball room in the day time, and the boy had long ago found that it was a wonderful place to play. Not that they wanted to play now—far from it—but they wanted somewhere that they could be alone and talk without having someone come in.

Norman was hugging his knees, and the big blue eyes that peered over them at his brother had a troubled look.

"Don, 'that man's' here again. I don't like him."

"I know it. He wants money again. I don't see why daddy gives it to him. When we ask him for money, he says he hasn't any."

"I don't think that mother likes him either. She acts like she is sorta mad at daddy for giving 'that man' money." Norman's eyes looked far away and puzzled; he was trying to figure out—but Don had gotten up and gone to the piano. He was calling him. Don never would think about anything like the problem of "that man" long enough to figure it out.

"Bring a chair and let's play together," Don was calling.

Norman went to where the chairs were stacked and dragged one over to the piano. "I'll play down here," he said, seating himself before the lower octaves. "What shall we play?"

"The new one. What did Mr. Clayton say was the name of it?"

"I don't know. Let's start now—one, two, three" . . . and Norman started with several strong chords. The conductor of the hotel orchestra had been teaching them to play, and they loved it.

Don did not altogether approve of the way in which his brother was playing, though. "Please, Norman, don't make so much noise. Play it sorta soft like."

"It isn't meant to be soft." Norman set his lips and banged out the next chords with even more vehemence. He knew that he was being stubborn, and his stubbornness was always getting him into trouble; but he didn't care. Don was right; if he played that loudly,

mother would hear and come after them. He banged out another chord, and said, half under his breath, "Let her come."

And she did come. The ball room door opened at the far end of the room and he could hear her walking the length of the room. Don heard her, too, and stopped playing, but he wasn't going to. He pounded out the chords without any melody.

"Norman Stanford, stop that!" Norman heard and stopped. He got up and turned around. His teeth were pressed as close together as if he were trying to bite something in two. He threw his head back and pressed his lips together, too.

"Norman," his mother was saying, "how many times do I have to tell you that I won't allow you to play the piano; you annoy the guests."

"The guests annoy me." Norman bit off the end of the sentence, clamping his teeth down on it hard.

Mrs. Stanford laughed. It made Norman all the madder to have her laugh at him when he was mad. "But, darling," she was saying, "the guests pay money, and"—her voice dropped—"we have to have money."

"We could get along without money if it wasn't for 'that man.' He is the only one who has to have money all the time. Every time he comes here he makes daddy give him some more money."

Norman knew that he shouldn't have said that. He knew by the way his mother turned very red and didn't say anything more. He knew by the funny way her eyes looked. Don wouldn't have said that. Don didn't say anything that he wasn't supposed to, but Don didn't like "that man" either. Norman hated the silence, so he filled it.

"I hate 'that man,'" he said, and then he turned around to the piano again and played just as loudly as he could. His mother didn't say anything though—even then. She turned and walked out. Norman stopped pounding on the piano, and started crying. He didn't know what he was crying about, but he felt that there was something wrong.

Don didn't pay any attention to him. He said, "Let's play something that doesn't make so much noise."

That night at supper, "that man" was at the table with the family. Norman was very polite to him though—Don had made him promise that he would be. Don hated fusses.

"Boys," said Mr. Stanford, in the middle of the dinner, "how would you like a hotel in Boston for a change?"

Norman started to say something, but Don nudged him under the table. Don always knew before he did himself when he was going to say something that he shouldn't.

Don was asking, "Are we going to move?"

Mr. Stanford laughed. "Well, not exactly," he said. "Your mother is going to stay here and manage this hotel and I am going to manage one in Boston. If you want, you can come and live with me, or you can live here with your mother. Or, you can split up if you want to."

It rather hurt Norman to find how little it mattered to his father where he lived. He adored his father: he was so good-looking, and big. He thought that it was nice to have a soldier for a father; but he was hurt now, and he wanted to hurt back. So he said, in a tone that made Don nudge him again, "I want to stay here with mother—all the time."

"That man" laughed and said, "You better try Boston, kid. It's a fine place. In fact, I think I'll hang out there myself."

"Well, I don't want to live with you. I hate you!" There now, he had said it, and he had promised Don that he wouldn't say anything rude.

"That man" laughed again, though. He didn't seem to care. "Now, kid," he was saying, "you know you don't hate your own brother."

"You're not my brother." Norman was biting his words again.

Still the man laughed. "Oh, yes I am," he said—"well, anyway, I'm your half-brother."

"You're not."

"That man" smiled and said, "Ask your father."

Norman looked at his father—that big, handsome army officer who was his father, but he didn't ask him. There wasn't any need to. Norman slipped down from the table and went into the ball room. He went straight to the piano and started playing as loud as he could. But nobody stopped him.

In a few minutes Don came in. He pulled a chair up to the piano too, and the two went on playing without a word. Finally Don said, "I hate him, too. We'll stay here."

* * * * *

ELEANOR gave just a little sigh of relief when she saw that it was almost time for the end of the lesson. She always played for her father's lessons in the afternoons, but she sometimes got awfully tired. She was tired now and glad that it was near the end. Anyway, Zan, the little girl she always played with, was waiting for her in the back room.

She was just turning the pages of music to another song, when the cuckoo came out of the clock and cocked his head at her and called the time. That was all for this afternoon, and the fat woman with the squeaky voice would go home and she could go back and finish the game that she had had to leave. She started for the door, but her father put his hand on her shoulder.

"Wait a minute; I have something to tell you." Then he went to the door with the fat woman. Eleanor sat down again and waited. In a minute her father came back and shut the door behind him.

"First," he began, "I want to ask you something. Did you know that Billy was spending his time drawing for the high school magazine?"

She felt excited and proud, because she thought that it would be wonderful to be able to draw pictures for the high school magazine, but her father's voice showed that he did not like it; so she looked at him as seriously as she could and said that she had not known it.

"You don't spend your time drawing pictures, do you?" He looked straight at her. She was frightened. She thought of the stack of papers with funny little drawings in the back room.

But she looked at him with her big blue eyes very wide and said, "No, sir."

"You are a good kiddie. Now, I have a surprise for you. How would you like to take organ lessons?"

Eleanor's eyes danced. "Oh, I would love it."

"Well, Mrs. Waddell has said that she will give you two lessons a week, if you will relieve her in the church services when she can't be there—after you have learned how well enough, of course. How does that sound to you?"

"Oh, lovely, daddy. When do I begin?"

"Saturday afternoon at three. Now, you go and find Billy and tell him that I want to see him in here, now."

Eleanor ran out of the music room and found Billy reading in the corner of the living-room and gave him the message. Then she started to the back room to tell Zan about the organ lessons. Her shoe was untied though; so she stopped and sat down on the stairs to tie it again. From where she was sitting, she could hear her father talking to Billy, quite plainly. He was very angry about the pictures. She wondered why. Mother had painted pictures. She wished she could paint that well.

"Are you interested in art or in music?" her father was asking Billy.

"Both," was Billy's answer.

"You can't be. You will have to give up one or the other. One life isn't long enough for the perfection of two arts—either you must give up one or the other. Which will it be?"

Eleanor couldn't hear if Billy said anything, but she heard her father when he continued.

"Because, if it is music that you want to spend your life on, I can help you. I can teach you all that I know, see that you have every opportunity. But, if it is drawing that you are going to spend your life at, you will have to go to someone else for help. I know nothing about it, and I can not help you."

Eleanor got up and went into the back room. The door had been open. She wondered if Zan had heard, too. She went to the drawer where she had kept her drawings. While she was doing this she said:

"Zan, don't ever tell father that I draw pictures, will you?"

Zan said that she wouldn't. Zan never said anything, but Eleanor wasn't taking any chances of getting her father as angry with her as he was with Billy.

Eleanor was standing in the middle of the floor with her drawings in her hand when she heard her father coming down the hall. For a second she froze in the position in which she had been standing. Then she dashed up to Zan and thrust the papers in her hand. Just then Mr. Troxell came in.

"Hello, Zan," he said when he saw her. Then when he saw the papers she was holding, "What have you got there?"

Eleanor had a sick feeling. She could see her organ lessons, her new dress, and her supper being taken from her. Zan blushed and said:

"They are pictures. I brought them over to show Eleanor. She plays the piano for me and I bring the pictures that I draw to show her."

Mr. Troxell smiled and sat down on the couch beside her. Eleanor was afraid to breathe.

"Do you like to draw?" he asked her.

Zan nodded.

"And do you work hard at it?—do you work awfully hard at it?"

Again Zan nodded.

"Well, keep it up, kiddie. You will never make a musician, but perhaps you will be an artist some day."

Eleanor watched him as he got up and went over to the wall where one of her mother's paintings was hanging. He took the little water-color down and brought it over and gave it to Zan.

"Here," he said, "take this and put it up in your room. I think seeing it may make you work and try—even if you can't really paint."

Then he turned to Eleanor and said, "As for us, we are a musical family, and I think we had better do away with such inspiring little bits of art. They divide the attention and interest."

Eleanor didn't know whether she knew what he was talking about or not. She didn't like the thought of her mother's picture being taken away; but all she said was, "Yes, sir."

BOOK REVIEWS

CANDY. By L. M. Alexander. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1934.

In *Candy* L. M. Alexander has achieved a good negro story. For once the characters are not base caricatures of the mellow people of the south. Sentimentality is not indulged in; nor is the realism allowed to choke the soul of the novel. The story is charmingly wrought with a depth of sincere feeling and an understanding of these strange, dark people.

The story centers around the gradual inevitable breakdown of a lovely old plantation in South Carolina. The tempting forces of money and luxury carry most of the negroes north, leaving only a few to cling to their home and follow the old life. The main character, Candy, belongs to the latter group and is the embodiment of the old south. She fights these new dangers with all her power, with the odds against her. The old dialect is adequate for her; the cabin is big enough to house her; the white folks' work is good enough for her to do. She holds in scorn and fear any outsider to the sanctum of Mimosa Hill. Through a succession of frightful events, Candy remains close to her home, loving it with all the great passion of which she is capable.

Although the powerful influence of the white population on the negroes is apparent at all times, they never appear in the book. At the finish, however, one remembers Little King, master of the plantation, as well as one remembers Dan, the easy-going, happy negro. The gentle spirit of Miss Mary is a complement to that of Rose who was raised under her care. L. M. Alexander has written a book notable for its characters, its plot, and its skillful writing.

All the emotions known to man are interwoven in the fabric of life in the one scene of the plantation. The book never grows tiring, for the scene is never essentially the same. *Candy* is further enchanted by the graceful illustrations of Rockwell Kent.

HELEN CRUTCHFIELD.

THE HILLS STEP LIGHTLY. By Alberta Pierson Hannum. New York. William Marrow and Co., 1934.

The Hills Step Lightly is a graceful little tale of the life of a girl growing up in the mountains after the Civil War. Deborah Deane lives alone with her mother in a high valley where outsiders never come. Her father has been killed in the war, and her mother has become a taciturn, inconsolable woman; thus the girl grows up in a restrained, unnatural atmosphere. After her mother's death, she is taken by a family whose son early marries a girl dying with tuberculosis. A strange bargain is struck by the three young people, and Deborah Deane's entire life is changed.

The plot is unique and well carried out, though the story grows decidedly weaker toward the end. The descriptions of homely, earthy things and of the mountains are worthy of note. The story is easily read and highly enjoyable, giving promise of even better stories from the same pen.

The author's intimate knowledge of the customs of the mountains in this period is very great. Especially are the witchcraft and the old superstitions of interest. The mad invalid, Lissy, is a practitioner of the art of witchcraft and believes that she sees the witches ride.

The poignant love story of Debby is one worth remembering. Her honesty and unselfishness give her the power to love deeply and to sacrifice herself gladly. These qualities characterize her life and make it beautiful. And the portrayal of Deborah Deane makes the book a fine one.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS. By Gertrude Stein. New York. Harcourt-Brace, 1933.

It is no secret that *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* is not an autobiography of Alice B. Toklas at all, but rather one of Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein, it seems, had been trying for many years to persuade her secretary and companion to write an autobiography, telling her frequently that she was well qualified to write a book on "the wives of geniuses I have sat with." But she finally decided that Miss Toklas would never get it written; so she said, "You know what I am going to do? I am going to write it for you. I am going to write it as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe."

Unfortunately the style of Gertrude Stein is very dissimilar to that of Defoe. She is sparing in her use of commas and capitals, and her sentences are breath-taking in their length and scope. But overlooking the idiosyncrasies of composition, which, incidentally, Miss Stein claims "achieve a symmetry which has a close analogy to the symmetry of the musical fugue of Bach," the book is a delightful account of life among the artists.

Miss Stein's treatment of her own life reveals quite what one might expect of the most erratic figure ever to appear on the literary horizon. She was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and Alice Toklas, always an "ardent californian . . . begged her to be born in California." But Miss Stein took such delight, during the war, in watching French officials try to write "Allegheny, Pennsylvania," that she would never comply with her friend's wish. She was educated at Radcliffe, where William James was her professor in philosophy and one of her chief inspirations. It was he who advised her to enter

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the field of psychology, and his advice led her to study medicine at Johns Hopkins University. In her final year, however, she decided not to be a doctor, after all; and soon afterwards she went to Paris, where she and her brother took a deep interest in the cubist paintings which were beginning to appear in those early years of the twentieth century.

They bought many paintings and soon got to know the painters; then it was not long until the famous Saturday evenings at 27 rue de Fleurus began. To them came people then little known, but many of whom are now famous: Pissarro, the "*cher maitre*" of the cubist school; Matisse, Juan Gris, Marie Laurencin; and later Ernest Hemingway, to whose child both Alice Toklas and Gertrude Stein were godmothers; Carl Van Vechten, Sherwood Anderson, Ford Madox Ford, and countless others.

The early struggles of some of the pioneers in the cubist movement are related in a most amusing manner. Miss Stein tells the story behind a painting by Matisse of a woman setting a table on which there was a large dish of fruit: "It had strained the resources of the Matisse family to buy this fruit, fruit was horribly dear in Paris in those days . . . In order to keep it as long as possible they kept the room as cold as possible, and that under the roof and in a Paris winter was not difficult, and Matisse painted in an overcoat and gloves and he painted at it all winter. It was finished at last and sent to the salon where the year before Matisse had had considerable success, and there it was refused."

One of the most hilarious passages in the book is the account of the party given in honor of Rousseau. It was such a party as one always

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pictures in connection with Parisian artists: extemporaneous dancing (one of the guests "danced a wonderful religious spanish dance ending in making of himself a crucified Christ upon the floor")—*joie de vivre*, if ever such existed.

During the war Gertrude Stein and her companion were active in relief work, traveling through the French towns and villages, distributing food and clothing to destitute families; and after the war they settled down to revising and publishing the manuscripts which had been accumulating over a long period of years. Miss Stein had been writing practically all her life: "when she was about eight . . . she tried to write a Shakespearean drama in which she got as far as stage direction. . . ."

In the course of the last decade, her literary monstrosities have descended upon the reading public with great frequency and vigor. *Three Lives*, *Geography and Plays*, *The Making of Americans*, and *Tender Buttons* are a few of her little read, but much discussed, books. Last year she stupefied New York theatre audiences with an opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*; this year she has descended upon America for a lecture tour. (We heard of one lecture engagement where she strode out on to the stage, counted to three hundred, and then retired.)

Walter Winchell calls her "a dictionary with a jag on;" a psyciatrist has compared her writing to "the jargon turned out by sufferers from schizophrenia," but the fact remains that the autobiography which Gertrude Stein has written for Alice B. Toklas is colorful, delightfully humorous reading. Whether or not she is, as she says, "in english literature in her time . . . the only one," is another matter.

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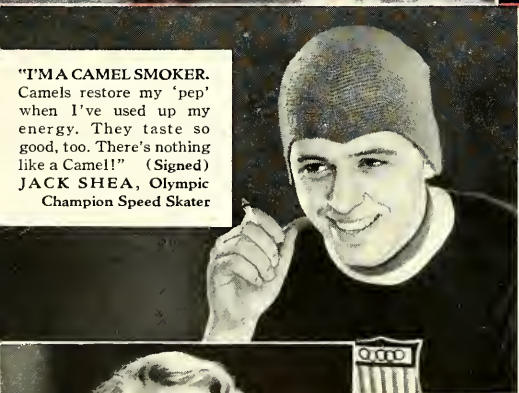


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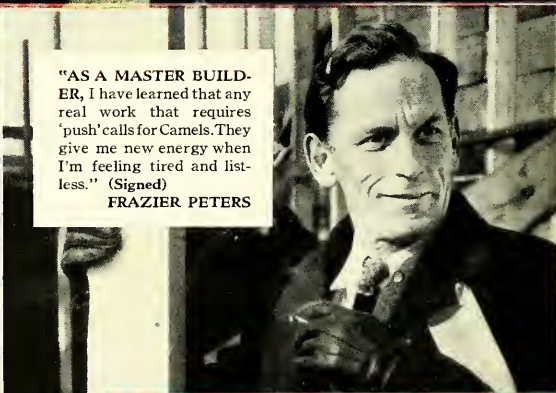
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